Robert M. LaFollette

HEROES OF INSURGENCY

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FOREWORD

IN offering this book to the public the publishers have made no attempt to cover the field of Insurgency or Progressive Republicanism, for we do not fail to appreciate that the movement is one which has enthusiastic leaders and adherents in practically every state in the Union. In fact, as this book goes to press, reports are coming in from all sections of the country indicating the success of the cause in states little suspected of insurgency, and every day brings to our attention some new champion who is fighting for popular rights.

The one aim of the publishers has been to present short, gripping life stories of the leaders of insurgency in the recent

sessions of Congress. These eight men whose stories are told in the following pages were the most conspicuous in the legislative battles of the last session.

In their work they have been abundantly aided by many others in Congress whose parts were somewhat less conspicuous, and they have been ably assisted by many who have been fighting for the cause on state issues rather than national ones.

That these men have had much to do with forming the public opinion of to-day is true, but it is equally true that without the moral and voting support of the people back of them they of themselves could have accomplished nothing. These men saw a need and hastened to supply it. That they have succeeded is proved by their careers from then up to now.

Some of these heroes have been fighting for years for true representative

government. They have suffered poverty, have been misunderstood, have been called enemies of the established order. But always they have fought for the right as they understood it. That their vision was broad has been proved by results. They have been justified in their belief that the American citizen loves squareness and honesty. That they have held firmly to this belief, in spite of the years of inappreciation, compels one to think the more of them.

The study of these brief biographies gives reasons why these men may be called "Heroes of Insurgency." Nothing that can be said here will add strength to the plain stories of their lives. The book is given out with the hope that these men may be helped to materialize more of their dreams which make for truer democracy, and that

others may be encouraged to engage in the fight that is no more than started. To the young men of America is the book especially dedicated. In the histories of these men they will find the true secret of political as well as any other kind of success to be real manhood, unswerving honesty, and patient devotion to an ideal.

GEORGE RUSSELL STRATTON.

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ROBERT M. LaFOLLETTE

HEROES OF INSURGENCY

ROBERT M. LaFOLLETTE

THE most spectacular, dramatic, and Napoleonic of the leaders of insurgency is Senator Robert Marion LaFollette, the dynamic fighter against political corruption, whose work in Wisconsin attracted and held the attention of the nation.

For thirty years his fighting blood has been coursing through his veins under the urge of his desire to make popular government materialize into something more substantial than a name.

He was born in Primrose, an insignificant little town in Wisconsin, on June 14, 1855. The wolves of poverty continu-

ously camped before the LaFollette door. His father died when Robert was a youngster, and the care of the family was his first great task. He fought against poverty as he later fought against the political machine — winning his way forward because of the gifts bestowed upon him by his French-Huguenot and Scotch-Irish ancestors.

In the face of great obstacles he worked his way through Wisconsin University, distinguished himself and his college by the use of his oratorical gifts, impressed himself upon his fellows as a man of tremendous energy, of unswerving determination, of concentration that held him to his tasks until completed, and time after time demonstrated his mastership in a fight where knowledge and fire were needed.

He graduated in 1879, taking the LL.D.

degree two years later. All this time he was paying his own way and helping in the support of his family. It is said that he studied night and day at one period and took his law examinations in sixteen weeks — a feat that has seldom been equaled.

He was admitted to the bar in 1880. That was his real start as a public servant. He proved himself a brilliant trial lawyer. His fire, his knowledge, his ability — the innate bigness of the man — manifested themselves, and his popularity and his business slowly but steadily increased.

LaFollette never had the ability to hide himself. He could no more conceal his real worth than he could turn aside a law of nature. Indeed, it would have been nothing less than the breaking of a natural law had he been able to remain in ob-

scurity. As cream inevitably rises to the top of the milk, R. M. LaFollette, attorney, rose and attracted the attention of the community.

"He would make a fine district attorney," said some.

The political bosses, hearing clearly the whisper, merely smiled. They were the ones who chose officials, and they knew that this poor youth, equipped as he was with honesty and brilliancy, when only brilliancy as a machine cog was required, would not do.

But the opposition of the bosses was just the spur young LaFollette needed. All the French-Huguenot and Scotch-Irish blood began to boil. It was and is a terrible combination — that fighting blood of his. It made him radiate even more than usual, and more attention was called to him. Knowing something of the

political corruption in his state, and more of the corruption of the machine politicians in his own county, LaFollette hungered for the fray.

He was without money; the machine was backed by railroads, banks, electric roads, liquor interests, bawdy houses, and they owned, body and soul, those instruments commonly called molders of public opinion — the newspapers. He was without an organization; the machine was without a flaw — it was all that money and great brains purchasable by power and pelf could make. The machine reached deep into the political and business depths and also far upward. It seemed idiotic, asinine, foolhardy for this lone youngster to attempt to oppose it. The wise ones came to him and pointed out the gravestones that marked the political graves of those who had failed to bow

supinely to the superior power of the machine.

But all that had as little effect on La-Follette as the summer zephyrs have upon the granite of the eternal hills. The more opposition there was the better he liked it. Like Luther, he would go on if all the shingles on all the housetops were machine devils organized to bring about his defeat.

The machine, however, did not take him seriously. The boss gave a few orders and forgot the incident. Confidence reigned in the machine camp. Victories had come into that camp for many years.

But LaFollette did not forget. He, as he has ever done since, spent his time working. His knowledge of the great reform movements of history stood him in good stead. He knew that all strength comes from the people — either by active or passive consent. So he went direct to

the people. He talked to the people in schoolhouses, in their homes, on the roadways, on their farms, in their stores and factories and offices — always he went direct.

He was district attorney of Dane County, Wisconsin, from 1880 until 1884.

Then came talk of Congress. That was a big task under machine opposition. Five counties made the district. Upon one only could LaFollette count. But he pursued the same tactics that had won him his district attorneyship. He went to the people. He riddled the record of the machine with verbal grapeshot. His earnestness, his honesty, his ability which had been demonstrated in his county field, his clean record, his dramatic defiance of arrogant bossism, his direct appeal to the people for justice — all these things won him vote after vote, and, when the con-

test was over, LaFollette sat perched upon the prostrate composite personality of bossism. He remained a member of Congress from the Third Wisconsin District from 1885 until 1891. As a member of the Ways and Means Committee, he took a prominent part in framing the McKinley Bill. His greatest work, however, was his study of the machinery of the national government, which was of such material value to him in his later state campaigns and in his present work in the Senate.

The next thing that happened was a Democratic victory. This came in 1890, and LaFollette found himself, with the rest of the Republicans, out in the dreary cold. His little work in Congress in preventing the robbery of the Indians on the Menominee reservation by the lumber barons, his ability as shown in his work

on the McKinley Bill, his eloquence — nothing availed. It was a Democratic landslide that swept the Republicans out of power for three years.

Having fought and whipped the machine in the district attorneyship matter, and having three times defeated it in the congressional affair, LaFollette was looking for a bigger victory. He aspired to the governorship.

For twenty years the railroads had held the state in their powerful and corrupting grip. It was once a popular belief that the state capitol building had been built facing the Northwestern depot just to remind the legislators of the true source of power.

It was in 1896 that he offered himself as a candidate. Before the convention he had a clear majority of votes. But the machine opened its mint, and enough votes

were "influenced" to defeat the doughty fighter. In 1898 he had a still larger majority, but again the trusty agents of the machine spent their time during the night to the best interests of their masters. A third time came LaFollette. He would not down. Always he had been educating the people of the state. They had awakened in response to his fervent pleadings. He had all but one hundred and sixty of eleven hundred delegates pledged to support him. Market-place tactics could not overcome this lead. The machine surrendered with hypocritical smiles.

LaFollette, in his innocence, believed the promises of the machine men that they would help him test his proposed reforms. But he discovered that his position of Governor enabled him to accomplish practically nothing without a friendly Legislature. He discovered also that while

the machine men were smiling at him and gladdening him with offers of assistance, the trusty agents were packing the Legislature with machine legislators. That Legislature defeated all his reforms. Two years later, after almost heart-breaking work, he secured a friendly Legislature and the power of the machine was broken.

Under LaFollette's leadership taxes were equalized, the railroads were compelled to pay in more than seven hundred thousand dollars more each year, a statewide primary election law was secured which forever put an end to convention-hall purchasing of votes, the railroad commission was organized, and the people began to get justice in the matter of railway rates and railway service, privilege lost its dictatorial power, and Wisconsin became known as the state wherein the people ruled.

How bitter was the feeling between the Stalwarts (the machine party) and the Half-Breeds (the reform party) only those who were in the state at the time can realize. Families were split in twain, as had been done in the Civil War, children were forbidden to play with children whose parents were in the opposite camp, country editors lampooned one another and fought fist fights to show their zeal, a league of newspapers was secured by the moneyed powers, and the reform element had to fight them by means of the pamphlet and the dodger. Brother was against brother, father against son, and even the women shared in the flow of love and hatred that surged through the length and breadth of the state. LaFollette to some was a hero to be worshiped. To others he was as a fiend bent on destroying the institutions made sacred by age and use.

Every effort was made to pick flaws in the man's personal life. Nothing could be said against him. He had married Miss Belle Case, of Baraboo, in December, 1881, and his family life was ideal. His motives were questioned, his ambition was held out as a crime, his enemies called him a dictator bent on destroying true representative government by building up a personal machine, everything was done with money and influence to drive the people from him, but without success. The man was wearing himself out doing his work, was without wealth, was forced to go upon the lecture platform in order to pay his expenses — there was nothing corrupt in him.

He resigned the governorship in order to become Senator in January, 1905, although he hesitated long before taking that step. He felt that his work in Wis-

consin was unfinished. There was much he felt should be done. But the Senate seemed to offer an opportunity which would enable him to serve the greater number. It was only natural that his ambition should carry him upward. Had he been a smaller man, the governorship would have satisfied him. But nothing satisfies LaFollette. He is forever seeing things better than they are. His power lies in his constructive optimism. He is called an agitator bent on destruction. Nothing is more untrue. That he does destroy is not to be denied, but those who understand the man and his work know that he sees clearly that which ought to be. When he razes a tenement, he has contracts let for a skyscraper of steel.

LaFollette's welcome to the Senate was in a way similar to that which would be given an Orangeman at an Irish picnic

on St. Patrick's Day. To the defenders of corruption his advent was like the appearance of a red rag in a cow pasture. They determined to sew him up. To their way of thinking he was dangerous. And he was and is. His record, from the time he was a poor attorney in Madison down to to-day, shows him to have been dangerous to all foes of representative government. Laws are not made upon the floor, but in committee. To bury a Senator all that is necessary is to place him upon unimportant committees.

The wise defenders of privilege thought this had been done to Senator LaFollette when he was placed upon the Committee on Potomac Flats — a committee that has nothing on earth to do, and which, the powers permitting, will report on Doomsday. So far the men of privilege showed wisdom. But it was not until later that

they realized their sinfulness. Their judgment told them that the Committee on Indian Affairs was too unimportant to be considered, so Senator LaFollette was placed on that also.

Some one had blundered. Some one had forgotten that in his congressional days he had been a defender of the Indians, and that he it was who had placed the tie on the track which derailed the plan of the Lumber Trust to steal millions from the Menominee tribe.

Came a day when LaFollette discovered that the Coal Trust was after the Indian coal lands and that the Oil Trust was after the oil lands. Then the privilege persons awakened. They had to awaken. With LaFollette shooting grape and canister into the plan to rob the Indians there was no sleeping for the unjust. The Indian steal was killed. After that, instead

of trying to give him so little to do as to allow him time for what they considered mischief, they gave him enough work to keep him and a room full of secretaries busy.

With his lynx eyes boring into every plan presented, LaFollette made life uneasy for the malefactors. They tried to launch floods of newspaper ridicule upon him. They tried their most vitriolic oratory upon him. They visited him and his family with social ostracism. They dogged him with spies. But all they discovered was that the man ate but little more than bread and milk — on account of a stomach ruined in those strenuous student days of poverty time — and that his honesty was even suspicion-proof.

Senator LaFollette introduced a bill providing for the physical valuation of railroads. This asked that the railroads give

the exact value of their properties. Such a report would enable the people to know just how much of the freight and passenger income represented just profit and how much dividends upon watered stock. Senator Aldrich, by clever jockeying on the floor and in committee, managed to defeat the LaFollette plan. But his amendments proposed as betterments to the Hepburn Interstate Commerce Bill have long since been advocated by Theodore Roosevelt and other popular champions, and much is expected from the next Congress.

Senator LaFollette is a small man with the head of a giant. His face is worn and wrinkled. He shows the strain under which he has worked. He has about him in repose an air of weariness. But in action he has the same old fire. His voice is always hoarse from much talking, yet

there is to be found in it a note of kindness and gentleness that draws one to the man. As a lecturer he is always in demand. He chooses his own subjects. He has his message to deliver. He desires to help do for the nation what he helped so much to do in Wisconsin. His weekly newspaper carries his message where his voice cannot be heard — a newspaper which draws thousands of dollars from his lecture receipts every year.

LaFollette the person and LaFollette as newspaper readers know him are two distinct individuals. Personally he is quiet, unassuming, somewhat careless in dress, soft-voiced, kindly. He lacks humor, it is true, but in his life has been little to encourage that great quality. In spite of his disillusioning experiences with politicians, he still believes in those who come bearing gifts. At times he is as

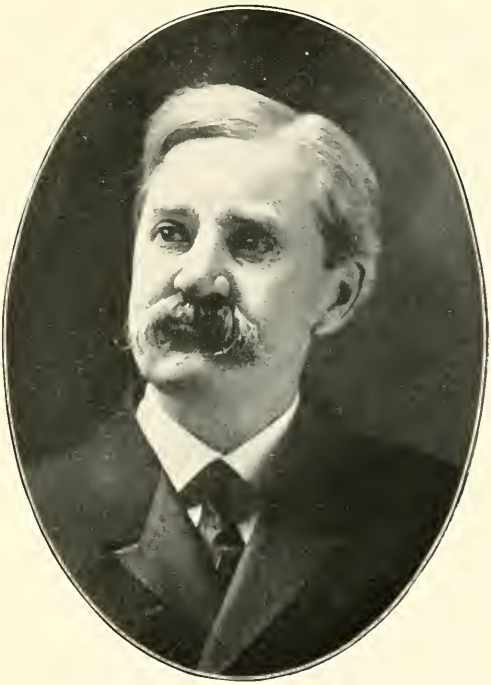
unsuspicious as a child. He is a good listener, breaking into a conversation with questions only when he feels that some one has some information useful to him. Then he probes, a long inquisitorial finger working corkscrew-like as he used to do in his district attorney days. Fatigue is something of which he knows nothing when campaigning. He is made of piano wires. He has delivered forty speeches in twenty-four hours. In one forty-eight-day campaign he averaged eight and a half hours of actual speaking daily. In the Senate he once spoke for eighteen hours to head off vicious legislation.

His wife is, like the wife of Bryan, a true helpmeet. She is a trained lawyer and a writer. They have two sons and two daughters. They live on a beautiful farm on the shores of Lake Mendota, a few miles from Madison, Wisconsin.

ROBERT M. LaFOLLETTE

Than LaFollette there is no greater fighter against political corruption in the country. He is a political pathfinder. At the last Republican national convention his delegates bent on supporting him for the presidency were unwelcomed. That is his fate. Twenty years ago he was a wild-eyed, destructive, dangerous agitator, according to the idea of the crowd of that time. Since then the country has come up to him. He, however, is forever pressing forward. Whether greater victories come to him or whether he goes down in defeat, he will at least have the joy that comes from having invested himself in that work which has made this nation a better home for the Average Man.

ALBERT BAIRD CUMMINS



ALBERT BAIRD CUMMINS

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WHILE their Northern cousins were screwing up their courage to take the step, the patriots down in Mecklenburg, in the Carolinas, issued the first Declaration of Independence. It matters not that the history books give credit to the North. The facts tell us that the South was first in flinging the gauntlet in the face of England's king. And, to justify these statements in this book, let us here say that among the signers of this Mecklenburg declaration appeared the name of the grandfather of the mother of Albert Baird Cummins, Insurgent. It is therefore eminently right and proper that his name should be close

to the top of the list of those who to-day are fighting for a government that will be more representative of the majority of the people.

By right of training and business friendships this man should be working shoulder to shoulder with those regulars whose service to corporations is greater than their service to their constituents. For years he was a corporation attorney. His business associates were, for the most part, corporation men. During all his years he has been known as a good business man — one who possessed the ability to make money for himself and others. While he once knew poverty, and has never known what it is to get much without hard work, he has not suffered from the grinding poverty that was the lot of so many of his insurgent *confrères*. Toward the last he had every-

thing to gain by remaining friendly to the corporations and everything to lose by working against them. That he chose the latter shows what manner of man he is.

Let us, then, in order to reach his insurgent days, travel somewhat rapidly the biographical road from the time he was born in Carmichaels, Pennsylvania, February 15, 1850, down to date. For mental sustenance he attended the common schools of his native village until he was fourteen, then tried Green Academy for three years, and, at seventeen, entered Waynesburg College for two years more. In September, 1869, he "made westing," and we find him in Iowa, dividing his time between Cornell College, a recorder's office at Elkader, carpenter work in the spring of 1870, an express office in McGregor to the spring

of 1871, jumping eastward to Fort Wayne, Indiana, where he was deputy surveyor. Here he remained two months.

In those days he was gifted with plenty of self-assurance, the ability to bluff his way through with little capital in the way of knowledge, and was not afraid to demonstrate his capacity for work. So, although he knew nothing of construction work, he reached for and annexed a position as division engineer on the old Cincinnati, Richmond, & Fort Wayne Railroad. Here he made good use of his knowledge of surveying and, by the time-honored method of securing education by doing, learned how to build bridges, lay tracks, manage wild gangs of workers, and perform satisfactorily all other work that fell to his department. We may say he performed his tasks satisfactorily, for, so the records show, he was promoted to

the post of assistant chief engineer before the end of the year. On January 1, 1872, he became assistant chief engineer of the North Central Michigan, and about Christmas time of that same year was called to Denver to take a similar post on the Denver & Rio Grande.

During these engineering years there had been ever present in him a desire to study law. Although success was coming rapidly toward him in his engineering work, and big money as a railroad constructor was in plain sight, Cummins held to his idea of becoming a lawyer. We need not be surprised, therefore, to learn that he, on reaching Chicago when Denver bound, slipped into an opening which he found in the great law offices of McClellan & Hodges. Of course the salary attached was infinitely lower than that of an engineer, but Cummins was

more in love with the law than with immediate wealth. With McClellan & Hodges he remained two years, being admitted to the bar when twenty-three years old, in 1874. That same year he was married to Miss Ida L. Gallery, of Eaton Rapids, Michigan. Until 1878 he made his home in Chicago, practicing as attorney.

Iowa was then sending out calls for strong men in all departments of the world's work. Cummins heard. He left his Chicago practice, and with his brother, J. C. Cummins, opened a law office in Des Moines. This partnership continued until November, 1881, when he was invited by Judge Wright to become a member of the leading law firm of the city. Judge Wright was one of the big men of his time. His law business was successful. Its nature may be learned from the fact

that later his son, Thomas, retired from the firm to become the representative of the Chicago, Rock Island, & Pacific in Chicago. Cummins was, to use a street phrase, "in right."

For years the Western farmers had been at the mercy of the great barb-wire trust. Independent companies had tried to start up for the purpose of relieving the farmer, but by lawsuits and other means the trust had killed them off one by one. In spite of his affiliations with the powerful, Cummins undertook, in 1881, a fight that lasted for five years and ended in the decisive defeat of the Washburn-Moen Company, the wire company that had for years charged the farmers all the traffic would bear. This fight made Cummins a character with a West-wide reputation. He won the name of a friend of the people. Not only did

his fight win him popularity, but his ability, as demonstrated in the barb-wire fight, won his firm business that otherwise would never have come to them. His standing among the members of his profession we learn by discovering that he was for years the president of the Polk County Bar Association.

The political germ was in the air in those days just as it is to-day. Cummins naturally interested himself in political work. Naturally, as a leading lawyer, he was consulted. But he asked for nothing for himself until 1887, when, with many of his party leaders against him, he was elected to the Assembly. The prohibition wave was then sweeping across the Middle West, and to it Cummins opposed his strength. Instead of prohibition he demanded local option and higher licenses. To take this stand in

those days called for backbone of the unbending kind.

In the Legislature Cummins climbed forward because of his work in revising the laws governing railroads. His work was so fair to both railroads and state that people wondered how it was possible for a railroad attorney to do as he did. An Iowa newspaper editor, in showing how suspicious many were of the Cummins honesty, tells how a party of manufacturers and merchants called upon him to support a bill providing for more equitable charges on short hauls. He promised to support it. A few days later the same committee called and asked him to withdraw his support. "Why have you changed?" he asked. "That man, Cummins," they answered, "a railroad attorney, is the bill's father, and there must be something hidden in it that is bad for

us." But the bill was passed, and those people learned that the bill was square and aboveboard and for the best interests of all concerned.

With the Democrats in power in 1892, the Republican State Committee called Cummins to preside at the state convention. The speech he made at the opening of the convention swept the delegates off their feet and later proved one of the most powerful pieces of campaign literature. Following that, he was alternate-at-large to the national convention at Minneapolis, and, later that same year, another convention chose him elector-at-large. In 1896 he was sent to St. Louis as a delegate, and was there chosen a member of the national committee and held that post for four years. Previous to this, in 1894, he had been a candidate for United States Senator but was de-

feated. Later, when Senator Gear died and a successor had to be appointed, Cummins thought that the appointment would come to him, but Jonathan Prentiss Dolliver was chosen instead. Then, to make up for slights given him by the political ring, he went direct to the people and became Governor in 1902; and so well did he serve them, he was sent back three times by an overwhelming vote of the people of his state. In November, 1908, he was elected to the United States Senate to fill a vacancy caused by the death of Senator W. B. Allison. In January, 1909, he was re-elected for the term beginning March 4. His Senate term will end in 1915.

We have now cleared away all the biographical underbrush and may look at the man himself for a moment. He is one inch under six feet in height, has broad

shoulders, a deep chest, stands erect, is crowned with iron-gray hair, has eyes that look out humorously and kindly, dresses as a successful man should dress, and cannot escape the charge of being handsome. Like Ben Adhem, it may be written of him that he loves his fellowmen. He and Mrs. Cummins are great entertainers and enjoy mixing with other social beings. Socially, as well as for the good of the entire state, he made an ideal governor.

Lest what has been written thus far may lead the casual reader to believe Senator Cummins a corporation attorney first, last, and all the time, let it be here stated that than the railroads Senator Cummins enjoys no bitterer enemies. And here is the initial reason. In his Assembly days he proved himself no easy man to handle for tooling purposes. In

his political work after his Assembly days he failed to become more tractable. When he aspired to the Senate, railroad influences defeated him. When he sought the governorship, railroad money again opposed him. But all this time the opposition was the opposition of influences that did not come out strongly in the open against him.

The fire was kindled during gubernatorial days that smoked out the animals that in the past had chosen to hide in the hole under the political machine. With the kindly assistance of J. W. Blythe, attorney and representative of the Great Northern and The Chicago, Burlington, & Quincy railroads, what is known as "The Molsberry Bill" had been nursed through the Assembly and Senate. On the Governor's table it lay for signature. To the Governor came politicians, busi-

ness men, manufacturers, railroad representatives. They called for the signature. The Governor refused. The bill was intended to "New Jerseyize" the state. It placed no limit on the debts a railroad might contract. Cummins, seeing the bill through eyes made keen by years of legal prying, met the railroad men on their own ground and answered argument for argument. It was bad for the state, therefore it must be vetoed. And it was vetoed.

Had he signed that bill the state would not have blamed him much. It had been passed by the legislative representatives of the people. It had the support of the biggest business men and manufacturers. The bosom friends of the Governor, his political helpers, the men upon whom he had depended for his legal business — all these demanded that he sign it. Yet this man, knowing the bill to be bad for the

state and the country, dared to stand out against all this pressure. That act, perhaps more than any other act in his life, showed him in his true colors and did more than all his talking to send him back to the Governor's chair for three terms.

As a governor Cummins proved himself a master. During his formative years he had been carpenter, school-teacher, clerk, express messenger, surveyor, railroad builder. He therefore had been in touch with men in all departments of work. He knew the point of view of the common folks. On top of this he had the training that comes to the successful attorney. He had met and talked with and studied big men. He knew their point of view. With this knowledge stored away in his mind he was fit to render just judgments. That he did render just judgments is shown by his entire public career.

As a Republican he is not for free trade, but he is not in favor of the tariff that has been manufactured for the benefit of special interests. He believes in the election of United States Senators by direct primary. He believes in the federal control of corporations. And, what is of greatest interest in these times, he is against the Aldrich-Cannon rule of the national government. The record shows him to be among the most pronounced insurgent leaders in the Senate.

Personally Senator Cummins is a likable, friend-making, friend-holding individual. In the face of his record no words will add to his praise as a friend of popular government. He has succeeded in business and has succeeded in life because he has, as Lincoln advised, done right as he understood it.

GEORGE WILLIAM NORRIS

George William Norris

GEORGE WILLIAM NORRIS

RIGHT at the start of any biographical sketch of George William Norris it is well to say that he is, above all other things, a normal man. Neither in his life nor in himself is there anything that worshipers of the Napoleonic would dub dramatic. His style of skittering through the political sky is not meteoric. There are in him the calmness, the regularity, the absolute certainty of the moon. Unlike La-Follette, he cannot point to heart-breaking poverty in youth nor to the bitter opposition of machine politicians of the vulture breed. From the time he was a farm lad in Sandusky County, Ohio, up to and including the time he was elected to Congress from the Fifth Nebraska District in 1903,

he has been as regular in his political beliefs as regularity itself. He has not been a voice in the political wilderness proclaiming a new era.

However, in order that we may not suspect this man of being without an individuality of his own, let us here condense his biographical data into a paragraph and then take up those facts with which we are concerned and discover for ourselves what manner of man he really is. We find, if we care to go back, that he was born on a farm in Sandusky County, Ohio, July 11, 1861, thus managing to evade any temptation to enlist in that great unpleasantness known as the Civil War. His father, like most farmers, was not unduly burdened with wealth, and George worked out for farmers during the farm-working season, attending school for but a few months each winter.

The short winter schooling, however, awakened his desire for some other career than that offered by the farm. He determined to move forward. Upon finishing the country school and his self-selected studies at home, he became a country school-teacher in order to earn money for a higher education. Within a couple of years he had saved enough out of his scanty earnings to enter Baldwin University at Berea, Ohio. Later he shifted to the Northern Indiana Normal School because of the opportunities that institution offered young men without golden spoons which might be pawned. By scrimping, saving, and pinching he managed to work his way through the ordinary academic course, and followed that by borrowing enough money to carry him through the law school. He was admitted to the bar in 1883. With characteristic carefulness

he did not plunge directly into the uncertainties of the legal profession. He taught school for another year in order to earn money for a law library and a few dollars extra to tide him over the waiting period which was to be expected at the beginning of his law work.

The call of the West came to him about this time, and we find him, in 1885, trekking across the country to Nebraska. His original intention was to settle down to the slow and steady practice of law. But in the Nebraska of those days there was little opportunity for lawyers who failed to woo the goddess of politics. Norris, in his office at Beaver City, saw the light, and, almost before the paint on his shingle was dry, became prosecuting attorney for Furnas County. This position, coupled with other business that came in its trail, enabled him to marry Miss Pluma Lashley

in 1890, and, with a home as an anchorage, he settled down with the air of one whose moving days were over.

Ten years after leaving Ohio — in 1895, to be exact — we find him, during the Populist turmoil, taking his place as district judge after beating his opponent by a bare majority of six votes in a district made up of seven counties. He was re-elected district judge in 1901, and resigned in 1904 to make the race for Congress.

Norris has always been a regular Republican. When he first went to Congress, he held the ordinary provincial idea of the importance of his position. But it did not take him more than one term to discover that there was something not so square in Washington as it should be according to Nebraska ideals. That a Congressman, especially a new one, is of but little more value than a figure on a chessboard, when

viewed through Washington glasses, was something of a disillusioning surprise to Norris. When he returned home, he said to Lon Cone, his political helper, "There is something wrong with the system. I don't know what it is, and I don't know that I can do anything to correct it, but some sort of house-cleaning is needed down there." That was the first sign he had shown of irregularity.

During the campaign of 1908 the regulars and the insurgents were beginning to bestir themselves over the matter of Cannonism. Norris stated very definitely where he stood. "I am against Cannon," he announced in his speeches, "but I should vote for him for Speaker in preference to any Democrat. To elect a Democrat for the place would tie up all legislation and render the work of Congress futile and ineffective. I am a Republican.

My quarrel is not with the party, but with the men who are using it to advance their own selfish ends."

That speech showed him to be a Republican with backbone enough to stand up and announce that there were men within the party — men in responsible positions — who were unworthy of trust. He showed that he realized that changes would have to be made, but he believed that the changes could be made by the party members themselves. The Democrats, of course, scattered a tremendous slush fund over the district in an effort to defeat him. Even Mr. Bryan thought him of enough importance to come in and personally assist in the attempt to end his congressional career. In spite of all this opposition, Norris ran seven hundred and sixty-nine votes ahead of Mr. Taft and emerged with a small but safe ma-

jority. Mr. Bryan carried the district for himself.

Thus it was that George W. Norris was on hand to lead the onslaught upon the House of Cannon last March. In the news dispatches of those strenuous fighting days Norris found his name heralded as leader. All this came as a surprise, just as it surprised those folks who had always known him as a quiet, friendly, peaceful sort of person. He had only done what he thought was the right thing to do. He felt that Cannon should be opposed, therefore he went in and opposed him. He was not looking for personal glory. As a regular sort of man, he wanted to do that which would insure the success of his party. If to clean the party it was necessary to administer chastisement to folks of the Cannon school, well, much as he hated the turmoil, Norris was

ready to do his part in the administering business.

Financially Norris is also fit to take his place as an average man. In his early Nebraska days he had settled at Beaver City because that place promised to make good the promises of his boomers. The promise was not kept, and Norris moved to McCook, which is in Redwillow County. There he lives in a small, unpretentious home, with a green lawn about it and protected from the sun by shade trees of early inhabitant age. He owns this home, a couple of vacant lots, three thousand dollars' worth of stock in a Masonic Temple that has never paid any dividends and which will never pay more than five per cent, a hotel at Beaver City that earns enough to pay the taxes, and that ends it.

McCook is rather proud of the family of Congressman Norris. The present

Mrs. Norris was the chum of the first Mrs. Norris, who died in 1901, leaving three daughters, Hazel, aged 16, Marion, aged 13, and Gertrude, aged 9. The Norrises are typical small townfolks. Like a country bank cashier, Congressman Norris spends his loafing hours at home, taking his mental exercise while mowing the lawn and relieving himself mentally by resting with the characters Dickens touched into life. Political opponents have never been able to discover any taints in the Norris career. Morally and financially he has been regular. He has always been a sort of square deal person. He has no hesitancy about telling the truth.

During the hard times of the early nineties, when Eastern loan companies, unable to realize on investments, were foreclosing mortgages on Nebraska homesteads,

it was Norris who helped many a man save his home. At that time he was district judge. A degree of confirmation by the court was a necessary formality in obtaining possession of the land. Before granting any decrees, Norris always personally investigated. If the man was honestly trying to pay but was unable to do so on account of the times, Norris refused to help the companies dispossess him. This action of his, done at a time when it was not even prospective political capital, helped hold many a vote at a later day.

In this story is nothing dramatic, nothing unusual, nothing exceptional. The Norris life has flowed along in a smooth current. His trials have been no greater than those that come to thousands of average men. His life has been that of the average man. For that reason he is

fit for the work he is doing — he is a fit representative of average men. He possesses great ability of the steady, plodding, persistent sort. He is not spectacular, but he is sure. He is dependable, reliable. And, as his constituents have discovered, the best ability is reliability.

JOSEPH LITTLE BRISTOW

Joseph Little Bristow

JOSEPH LITTLE BRISTOW

BORN in a log cabin in Wolfe County, Kentucky, during one of those times that tried men's souls, Joseph Little Bristow stands before the public stamped with the influences of heredity. His father, the son of a Methodist minister, was a school-teacher until the Union called to him to substitute the musket for the birch. It was on July 22, 1861, that Joseph was given to the world. The influences of the ante-bellum period played upon the mother and materialized in the son. Both parents being rigid religionists, holding to justice as they did to life, their training of their child made for righteousness as they understood it. They never learned to compromise with injustice and wrongdoing.

Raised in poverty during those painful formative years of the new country's growth, young Bristow became inoculated with the fighting germs that have so often stirred him into that activity so detrimental to the peace and happiness of public evilists.

After the war, the work of the schoolmaster substituted for the service of a Methodist minister, Bristow's father earned the meager income necessary to meet the almost insignificant living expenses of their simple family life. Poverty was an ever-present visitor in the Bristow home, ease was a thing unknown. Yet to these people, sustained as they were by an ever-burning religious faith, poverty was not looked upon as a galling burden. They worked as well as they knew how with the materials at hand, developing strength of character with endurance

of body each day as they went along. Knowing something of the parents, it is easy for one to understand the early training Joseph Bristow received.

Pioneer folks find the way to marriage an easy one, so we need not be surprised to find young Joseph, the down just darkening his cheeks, plunging into matrimony on November 11, 1879, his trip being shared by Margaret A. Hendrix, of Fleming County, Kentucky. Like so many others whose names later became stars in the firmament of insurgency, Bristow heard the call of the West and found his way to Elk County, Kansas, that same marriage year. A farm furnished a precarious living for a space, but the life of the farmer was not to the liking of one whose forebears found delight in educating men.

At twenty-one, then, Bristow moved to

Baldwin, Kansas, for the reason that Baker University honored that village with its presence. Expenses were met by the time-honored expedient of taking student boarders. Mrs. Bristow shared her husband's ambition to one day become, like his father and grandfather, a Methodist minister. She was willing to undertake the work of helping her husband secure his education, even though she must have known that the minister's life, as well as the life of the minister's wife, is ever one of sacrifice and self-abnegation. The country owes much to the brave little woman who shared the educational pioneer days of the future public servant.

At college it is not always what the curriculum offers that proves of greatest value. Education is best secured by doing things. In college Bristow was a doer. Fraternities and athletics were of less im-

portance in those heathenish days than they have become in our more enlightened times. Instead of the social joys of fraternities which are organized to exclude, and of college athletics so much magnified by the modern student, Bristow and his fellows found their surplus energy outlet in engineering the destinies of two literary societies. One was called the Athenian, and its hated rival was the Biblical. No prize will be given those who guess that Bristow belonged to the latter.

One needs to know but little about colleges to understand that the successful college politician is about as wily a person as the gentlemen who dominate the governing business in our big cities. In those college days Bristow was the leader in political affairs. More than once did the noble Athenians bite the political dust at the Bristow command. He speedily be-

came an organizer of men. His grasp of detail and his power of welding this detail into an harmonious whole placed him at the top. In the mimic school world Bristow fought battles that taught him lessons that have since stood him and his country in good stead.

In 1884 he organized a Blaine and Logan club, and rounded up under his banner fifty-one of the fifty-two voters in the school. To accomplish this, after all the school fights he had engineered, was no slight task. To his teachers Bristow was known as a student who dug the heart out of every subject he studied, yet they also were forced to shake their heads sadly on all election days over the absence of their strenuous pupil. To keep Bristow in school on election day called for teachers capable of performing one of the labors of Hercules.

In addition to boarding fellow students, Bristow earned money by serving as a persuasive book agent, farm helper, man-of-all-work, and editor of the local newspaper. Upon his graduation in 1886, his dream of serving in the ministry having been changed for the desire to serve in politics, he was elected clerk of the District Court of Douglas County. To secure votes he borrowed money and hired a horse to carry him to every voter in the district. So little money did he have that it is said he was forced to take his choice between buying an overcoat or a dictionary. If he had not chosen the latter — But why speculate?

During his clerkship days he was chosen president of the Young Men's Republican Club of Lawrence. In 1888 he was re-elected to his court office. All the time his eyes had been open to things political. He

stumped the state for Harrison during the presidential campaign, and annexed the reputation necessary to secure him a position as secretary of the Republican State Committee. He next became private secretary to Governor Morrill, following that with an attempt to connect with election to Congress. After a strenuous campaign he was defeated by a small majority. During the days that the political sun failed to shine upon him he became a newspaper man. For instance, from 1890 to 1895, he owned and edited "The Salina Daily Republican," left that for "The Ottawa Herald," dropped the pen for politics, and did not again take it up until February 1, 1903, when he bought "The Salina Republican-Journal."

The energy and skill of the man won the attention of President McKinley during the great campaign of 1896, and, in

spite of the strong protests of the machine politicians in Kansas and Washington, Bristow was offered and accepted the position of Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General. Bristow knew then that this office promised him little honor, small pay, and much hard work. But he also knew that it would teach him, as few other positions would, the political condition of the country in general and of the workings of the government at Washington in particular.

As assistant to the Postmaster-General he dealt with the removal and appointment of thousands of little postmasters throughout the country, the postal secret service, and thousands of little jobs that would kill any man not in love with the work of mastering details. It was while doing his daily detail work that he discovered the irregularities in the management of the

postal service, particularly in Cuba. For a decade a systematic robbery of the government had been carried on by postal employees and officials. The loot had been shared with men high up in the ranks of the Republican party. To attempt to punish these men was to invite political suicide. They were entrenched behind political power and unlimited wealth. The great newspapers were at their command. Bristow knew this. But never yet had a Bristow compromised with corruption. He was not in love with the work of ferreting out criminals, but if duty sent him to that task he was determined to do what justice to the service demanded done.

The country knows what he did with the backing of President McKinley in the matter of the Cuban postal frauds. He worked with fifty trained investigators for nearly a year during the Roosevelt

régime investigating the post-offices in the United States. One thousand offices were investigated, some of the records being studied for ten years rearward. Bristow read two hundred thousand typewritten pages of reports, analyzed them, collated the facts, and then edited the result into a report of only ten thousand words. Of this report President Roosevelt said, "Mr. Bristow's report is a record of as important bit of investigating work as has been done under the government."

It would have been a great work had Bristow done it with the assistance of all the government employees. But when it is known that the report was made with the corruptionists of great wealth and great power arrayed against him, this work becomes monumental. Every effort was made to call Bristow from his task. Frantic officials, rotten with corruption,

fled to their protectors higher up for help. Political machinery, newspapers, detectives — all forces were used. But Bristow held firm. He went forward with the precision and force of a hydraulic drill. He was backed by a President who loved a fight for the square deal. He made his report in the face of the objections of leaders of the party he had served all his life. Promises of rich political gifts failed to swerve him from the truth.

Because President Roosevelt needed a special commissioner to investigate the problems connected with the Panama Railroad, Bristow resigned in January, 1905. His report was made in August of the same year, and practically all his recommendations were accepted by Congress. He again visited Panama to perform duties under Secretary of War Taft and was praised for his accuracy and in-

telligence. In 1908 he made another report for Secretary Taft, leaving his newspaper in other hands in order to render the government this special service.

With the machine against him, and all the Republican corruptionists all over the country doing what they could to defeat him, Bristow climbed into the Senate by defeating Senator Long. Only the direct primaries saved him. Had the old convention system obtained, he would have been snowed under by the freezing wealth of the corporations. By going direct to the people — who remembered his work in the postal scandals — he won the votes needed to destroy many an important cog in the machine of his state. He told his fellow citizens that railway rates should be based on the cost of service to the railroads and not upon the value of the service to the public, and that all the railroads of the

nation should be under the control of a national bureau with power to make thorough investigations of the physical value of the railroad property, the cost of operation, etc., and upon its findings base just rates.

Bristow is personally fearless. It is related that, with a handful of companions, he rushed into a mob, rescued a negro, swung him into a doorway, took the noose from his neck, and then caused the mob to disperse. To the evilists he is cold, pitiless, and insatiable. He seems to be justice incarnate. In performance of his duty he recognizes neither friend nor foe. He possesses no genius for friendship, yet those friends he has are grappled to him by hoops of steel. He does not win a sunshiny personal popularity, but he does win votes because the people know he is honest and absolutely sincere. Children

like him. Than that there is no greater compliment. His personal life is open to the closest investigation. Had he possessed a closet skeleton, the sleuths of the enemies stirred up in postal scandal days would have discovered and uncovered it.

Working almost alone, he has won and held the friendship of McKinley, Roosevelt, and Taft. A man who can do this must be something of a man. He succeeds because of his genius for work. In his newspaper days he was at his office at four o'clock in the morning and stayed there all day. For recreation he calls for more work.

In personal appearance he is tall, ungainly, gaunt, has a stoop in the shoulders from much work at the desk, swings along with an awkward stride, never appears without a frock coat, — a liking probably inherited from ministerial ancestors, —

has hazel eyes, a large mouth, and a tumultuous sort of voice. He is in no sense an orator. The polish of the platform star is not his. Yet he holds his hearers because of his deep sincerity, his imposing array of facts so carefully marshaled and so cleverly handled, his knowledge of government manifested in his editorials and his speeches and gleaned from reading heavy books far into the night, and a personality that can be the possession of no man who is not living a life that is and ever has been "on the square."

JONATHAN PRENTISS DOLLIVER

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ONLY by adoption is Senator Dolliver a Westerner. And yet there be wise folks who will say that Iowa is this big man's home because the spirit of the man is Iowan and would fit nowhere else. That he was born in West Virginia is most true. To be more exact we may say that he was born near Ringwood in Preston County on February 6, 1858, and, if the bread-winning occupation of the father be of interest, we may say that he was a minister who, while without wealth, was able to send his sturdy son to the village schools and provide him with that food which is essential to a youngster bent on

becoming a man with a sound body, fit to house a mind of more than average worth.

It may have been in response to that law which compels cream to find its way to the top of the milk that the Dolliver youth left what was then the somewhat indolent and sleepy South and penetrated into what seemed the distant West. True it is that this West was east of the Mississippi River, but that the journey was somewhat of the nature of an adventure to the eager-eyed Southerner is something we may well believe. However, before we do more than make this mention of the migratory tendency of the youth, let us hark back to the boyhood days and in a somewhat more leisurely manner journey upward to these more strenuous insurgent days.

Like many another man who has accom-

plished deeds worth while, Senator Dolliver is forced to pay tribute to the influence of his mother. It is said that one of the essentials of the far-seeing youngster on fame bent is to select most carefully the maternal parent. Doubtless in the Dolliver case the gods were kind. Whatever the cause may be, we find the mother Dolliver a woman of exceptional strength of character. For her son she was, as most mothers are, optimistically ambitious. She imagined a great career for him, but, being practical in her dreaming, she went a step farther than the imagining and provided more materially for the realization of her dream.

Besides endowing her son with those physical attributes that in Senate days sent him over the more silken Senators of regular political faith, she strengthened his mind by those true teachings

that spring, seemingly without observing the ordinary laws of growth, from the innermost being of the mother mind. Not only did she give him that training which later made for what may be called greatness, but she gave him at birth a heritage that environment and training could never supply. And then, after the village schools had yielded up their mental harvest for the enrichment of the Dolliver brain granary, this mother cut corners in her housekeeping arrangements in order to save the money needed for advancing her son still farther up the steps leading to the temple of knowledge.

From the Ringwood school we find young Dolliver going to the state university at Morgantown. In those days this university was but little more than a seminary. It was, however, the best offering that presented itself that would match

with the purse of the minister's son. Certain it is that the boy here made much of his opportunities. Undamned with much money that would have led him from the paths over which the professors ever seek to guide the stumbling steps of the student, young Dolliver had little to do but study. Besides, he knew that at home his mother was making sacrifices and that it therefore behooved him to acquire as much knowledge as the institution would permit in the shortest possible time. So well did he work that we find him graduating at the callow age of seventeen. Then came the Western journey.

To lift the burden from the maternal shoulders, as well as to help himself upward toward those heights which he, after his mother's pointing, already saw clearly, Dolliver left the mountains and migrated to the plains. We find him teaching school

at Victor Center, Illinois. At this place it had for years been the custom of the big boys to amuse themselves and the smaller pupils by engaging in that ancient rite known as "licking the teacher." History tells us that the custom was reversed in this Victor Center school immediately upon the advent of one Jonathan Prentiss Dolliver. It is also a matter of record that never before did the pupils make such progress along learning's path, and also that the teacher never found it necessary to appeal from the much used frontier law that might makes right. He was able to take care of himself even before he had slipped out of his teens.

Two years after these physical and mental triumphs we discover our Southerner carrying away the legal knowledge needed for the practice of law. During those school times he had been preparing

himself for his profession. The law had been chosen. Thus it was that in 1878 Fort Dodge, Iowa, reached out and claimed him for her own, arranging matters so that he climbed right speedily into local prominence.

Away back in those youthful village school times it was admitted by all knowing persons that young Dolliver could talk. It is related, although the story has not been properly verified, that the boy came across a copy of the Congressional Record and was carried away by the oratorical offerings therein contained. From the same source one learns that young Dolliver made up his mind to one day fill congressional chambers with the vibrations of his own voice. Be this true or untrue, it is certain that one may not trace the Dolliver biography far to the rear without finding much evidence which

compels one to believe that a well-defined path was followed.

The law business in Fort Dodge, as has been related, grew and prospered. Young Dolliver was a perfect tornado of language. His voice was ready to be heard with or without provocation. He was not cursed with too much modesty and waited not for some loiterer to upturn the bushel under which his light was hidden. He took care of his own illuminations, letting his light so shine as to attract the attention of those desirable folks who hold in their hands the gifts of offices. It happens that the law and politics are so closely allied that one can scarcely engage in the first without at least flirting with the second.

It was during those heated times around 1884 when Mr. Blaine hunted the White House that Jonathan Prentiss Dolliver

first stood forth bidding for the gaze of many men. He made speeches from every unoccupied stump in the surrounding territory, and would have stood high with the administration of Mr. Blaine had not that gentleman been defeated by a foolish alliteration of "Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion." Mr. Blaine had heard Mr. Dolliver speak and said that in a later day Mr. Dolliver would be heard from. Mr. Blaine has been proven a good prophet.

After the Blaine defeat there came a wait of half a dozen years for the young lawyer. This was not bad. It gave him opportunity to fill his mind with those enriching facts which have in our own day been used with such telling effect. In 1890, when he was elected to the House, he was so well fitted to represent his constituents that he remained a repre-

sentative until 1901. It is likely that he would still be a House member had he not in 1900 received the senatorial chair left vacant by the death of Senator J. H. Gear. This appointment, if we are to be exact, came on August 23. He was elected in his own right in 1902 and again in 1907. His term will, therefore, end in 1913.

He entered the House close upon the heels of the McKinley Bill and that extravagant Congress which earned for itself the title of "The Billion Dollar Congress," and which had the political effect of changing the congressional complexion from Republican to Democratic. This placed Mr. Dolliver with the minority and enabled him to learn the Washington game without being forced to play it to his own cost. After four years of Democratic rule the Republicans once

more came into power and Mr. Dolliver began to see light ahead.

One great quality this big Westerner possesses which has stood him well in times gone by, — he knows how to wait. Although bulking big in both brain and brawn, Mr. Dolliver made no great attempt to wrest the control of things out of the hands of the oldsters who had been in Washington for twenty years or more. He waited for the right time — for the time when his offering was needed. He looked after the interests of his constituents so well that he was sent back five successive times — surely often enough to prove that in his own district he was recognized as a man of worth. Had he been a mere machine man, it is likely that he would have been knifed by some powerful lieutenant before so many years had slipped by. His strength was proven

in the House days. One cannot say that what he did was dramatic, but his record shows that he was steady, dependable, reliable, sure.

As a plain man of the people he received his appointment to the Senate. Back of him stood no railroad, and no trust contributed Crœsus-like funds to his helpers. He did not take his election and his orders from special interests. He claimed and won the suffrage of his people by his display of the uncommon quality of common sense which appeals to the broad-minded Westerners. His rise was steady and sure. He was known as a regular — as one who did not go too far ahead of his party.

It was not until the late insurgent unpleasantness that the regular Senator Dolliver became a rampant raging insurgent. And even then he was, in the eyes

of his people, a regular. To them his insurgency was regular Republicanism. The old party men of the Cannon and Aldrich type were the enemies of what is regular.

To vote "No" to the Aldrich Bill took nerve for all of that. Only a few Republicans dared do it. Only those who were the real representatives could do it. Those who were shackled to special interests dared do nothing but obey the commands that came from the Aldrich-Cannon camp. Dolliver was not one of these.

Senator Dolliver is one of the truly great men of Iowa. He is big in body and big in brain. With the wide prairie vision he sees all things. He is not a local man in the narrow sense, as so many of our New England representatives are likely to be, but works for the best interests of the whole country. Like the

rest of his brothers in the insurgent ranks, he is without wealth. His home in Fort Dodge is unpretentious but comfortable. He was married to Miss Louise Pearsons on November 20, 1895, and is the father of three children. He is a lecturer of proven power, a helper of young men, a lawyer of much ability, and always has the power to see the funny side of things. From the standpoint of steadiness he is, perhaps, the best leader in the insurgent ranks. He does not irritate. He has the power to make and hold friends. Even his opponents do not hate him with that undying hatred inspired by some of his colleagues. In the Senate his great bulk, his great voice, and his great mind fit him to take a place far ahead of those silken representatives of Plutocratic Interests who must remain chained to their corporation kennels. Senator Dolliver may

roam abroad and acquire for himself the help that is forever being offered to those whose only desire is to serve the majority. Senator Dolliver is a servant of the many.

ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE

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WHEN Albert J. Beveridge, as the head of his own personally constructed and personally conducted political machine, secured for himself the election to the United States Senate, a newspaper reporter sent into the state to see for himself what was really happening found that the Beveridge adherents were not mere enthusiasts, but were as fanatical in their loyalty as those followers of Mahomet who, at the mere command of their leader, flung themselves into the ditches before Constantinople so that their fellows might march over their bodies to victory.

It is always somewhat dangerous to indulge in the joy of weaving a long sen-

tence, but when the sentence is started with the name of Senator Beveridge and ends with victory, it matters little how many literary bypaths one must travel to reach the period.

As one when given the segment of a circle may complete the circle, so one may, by being given a segment of the youthful biography of a man, construct a fairly perfect circle of the man's life.

Beveridge, like most of those insurging gentlemen who have achieved their success as champions of popular government, found himself as a youth equipped with a plentiful stock of poverty. His father had tried to support his family on a poor sort of a farm on the border of Adams and Highland counties in Ohio. There, on October 6, 1862, Albert J. was born. The father and brothers fought on the Union side in the Civil War, after which

unpleasantness a new home was found in Illinois.

It matters little whether a young man be equipped or unequipped with material wealth, but it matters much what wealth is stored in his mind and body. If judged by the standards set by Dun and Bradstreet, Beveridge was worse than bankrupt. His poverty was like that encountered by Bristow in his youth. It was that stinging kind that whipped him like a lash and drove him out to work. It filled his soul with such terrors that he flung himself feverishly into labor that would purchase comforts. And yet this poverty was a good thing. The law of compensation will persist in working. There is no greater developer of character than doing the work involved in earning a living. Not only is this proven by Beveridge, but a study of the biographies of others who

have climbed high from great depths will disclose this same fact. The youth who is flung into the stream and left to sink or swim will, if there be the ghost of manhood in him, swim in safety to the nearest shore. Beveridge was tossed into the stream of life by the clawing hands of Poverty.

At twelve he was a farm laborer and followed the plow. Work in a railroad crew claimed him two years later. We find him in a lumber camp at fifteen, driving team and using his glorious young strength in handling heavy walnut logs. A year later he showed his genius for managing men as foreman of the camp — a mere boy bossing men old enough to be his father. And always we find him studying — preparing himself for something better.

Manual labor claimed him all summer

and late into the fall. Then, with a wee bit of money saved up, he went to school. He worked his way through high school in this way, his great physical strength developed by manual labor fitting him for the ravenous way in which he studied to satisfy his mental hunger. Working with his hands and thinking while he worked had cleared his mind. His brain was like a sun-parched desert in a rain-storm. He drank in knowledge and retained it.

Without money, except for fifty dollars which a kind old man in his home town loaned him, he entered De Pauw University at Greencastle, Indiana. David Graham Phillips, the author, was a fellow student. Phillips says that in those days Beveridge was different from the rest of the fellows. He was odd. He was a rather short, heavy-set youngster, his well-developed muscles playing beneath a

baggy suit. His face was somewhat pallid, but keen and alert. His gray-blue eyes looked out from under a big mop of long, fair hair. His voice was penetrating, one that could be heard above the roar of a stream and logs that crashed into one another. It was a voice that compelled one to listen. It irritated one until one became accustomed to it.

Seeing Beveridge, or meeting him for the first time, one would be inclined to dislike him, not because there was about him something that aroused dislike, but because he was odd and not easily classified. After one knew him one could not help liking and admiring him.

In college he was known as the greatest worker and the wisest loafer in the place. The schedule of study he had arranged for himself would have killed any ordinary man. He limited himself to four

hours of sleep a night, taking more sleep as many a student would take some ordinary form of college recreation.

But this does not mean that Beveridge was a "grind"; that is, he was not one of those stoop-shouldered, bespectacled, narrow-chested fellows who win scholastic honors and then get a job in a corner grocery or die of consumption. Beveridge had just as much fun as the rest of his fellows. The difference consisted in this: after the prank was past Beveridge would settle down to his work, while the others would gather together and talk about the fun they had had.

He was a good executive, a good organizer. He owned but one thing in those days, and that one thing he invested so as to earn for himself the largest returns. Time was his one capital. He wasted no minutes. When he worked, he worked;

when he played, he played. He never dawdled. It used to be a cause of wonder to his mates when he disposed of his school work and then stepped in and ran the politics of his fraternity and the literary society to which he belonged. Mr. Phillips says that often he has seen Beveridge going off into the woods in the morning to practice speaking before the rest of the students were astir.

It is little wonder that he won about all the college oratorical prizes. He worked for them harder than any one else. While he had native ability, he had something in addition which others did not possess. He had perseverance, patience, and stick-to-it-iveness. It was good business for him to win prizes. He needed the money to pay his expenses. In his junior year he brought to De Pauw the state oratorical prize, defeating speakers from all the big

colleges in Indiana. The coveted interstate oratorical prize became his in his senior year. He had to compete with the best orators of the great colleges of the Middle West and Northwest. The news of his victory set his fellows aflame with enthusiasm. At the depot to meet him on his return he found the president and faculty, the band, his cheering fellow students, and an equally enthusiastic crowd of townspeople. One who was present says that "Bev" tried to ride in that special carriage by the side of the president without showing his self-consciousness, but that every one forgave him his failure to hide his feeling of importance.

During his first vacation he went out to earn money as a book agent. He was so successful that the company gave him charge of training a special students sales force the following year. The book was

a history of religions and was called "Error's Chains." For months before school closed this force of persuasive gentlemen rattled around Greencastle practicing for the summer campaign. It is reported that no college crew sold more books or made more money than the one led by Beveridge that second summer. Every sitting-room table was thereafter qualified to pass any kind of an examination in the history of religions.

After graduation the publishers tried their best to make Beveridge a permanent member of their force. But he refused their offer, even though he needed the money as he needed few other things. His health was broken by the years of studying and the strain of earning a living. To get back his health was his first task. This he accomplished by going West and becoming a cowboy. When he returned

East, he entered the law office of McDonald & Butler of Indianapolis as clerk. Old Senator McDonald was interested in the youngster and believed in him. A year later the old man called him in and told him he was appointed managing clerk.

"But I have n't the necessary experience," exclaimed Beveridge.

"That 's all right, Albert," answered the old attorney; "if we are willing to take a chance, you should be."

This really made the youngster a junior partner and threw him actively into the practice of his profession. His legal opponents were big men. But Beveridge himself, in spite of his youth, was potentially a big man. The power of his intellect and the force of his personality were felt. It was right in the midst of a big trial that the date set for his marriage fell. So well liked was the youth that the judge

gladly closed the court so that the marriage might go on as planned. Thus, on November 24, 1887, two years after his graduation from De Pauw, he was married to Miss Katherine Langsdale, a classmate. Mrs. Beveridge died June 18, 1900. Seven years later in Berlin, Germany, on August 7, Senator Beveridge was married to Miss Katherine Eddy of Chicago.

His first great legal victory was in what is known as the Pennsylvania cases. The Pennsylvania Railroad contended that the state of Indiana had no right to tax property not owned in the state. Beveridge fought this case through and won a signal victory for Indiana by placing one hundred and fifty million dollars' worth of railroad property on its tax rolls. Although interested chiefly in civil cases, Beveridge would sometimes break

his rule and do work in the criminal court.

It was during the great Blaine campaign in 1884 that Beveridge made his first political speeches. Thus he became identified with politics a year before his graduation from college. From that time on he never lost his interest in the government, although he made no attempt to secure political office for himself. He studied the political situation and found that the machine in his state was about as corrupt a thing as could be discovered in the country. He then set out to break the machine power. To do this he organized his own machine, forming it out of the young men. Here he displayed his genius for organization. These young voters he welded together so that nothing could pull them apart. Year after year they grew in strength. Year after year they made their

power felt. Finally, in 1899, they placed their leader in a chair in the United States Senate, giving him his first and only office.

According to the all-wise Mr. Dooley, Beveridge's first Senate speech was "wan you cud waltz to." It won him the nickname of "the boy orator." Coming from the youngest member, it aroused the oldsters to attempt to kill him off, to smother him, to snub him, to put him in what they in their godlike wisdom thought was his place. But nothing could stop Beveridge. He remained the same buoyant, fresh, and bubbling speaker. When he arose to talk, the ladies crowded into the galleries. He was a hero to the women. But many of the older men disliked him. Senator Pettus, with more than eighty years behind him, once arose and delivered a speech which was such a farcical imitation of a regulation Beveridge offering that the

Senate was convulsed with laughter. But that laughter affected Beveridge about as much as a gentle shower would affect a duck. He could not be squelched.

Yet only those who did not know the man disliked him. Newspaper men who came to the capital prepared to dislike him went away with a feeling of admiration and personal liking. They recognized the real man in him. His seriousness, his mannerisms, his Samuel Smiles preachments — all these were forgotten in the sunshine of his man-like presence. And then he was a man of intellect. Those who engaged him in debate with the hope of easily trampling upon him found too late that he was a master. More than once has Senator Bailey been driven frantic by the querulous questioning. To debate successfully with Beveridge one must know all about the subject in hand and a little bit

more. Beveridge, like a battleship in war time, always has his decks cleared for action.

Few men have gone to Washington with more enthusiasm. It was his enthusiasm, his fire, his serious and insistent activity, that the old fellows could not understand. Besides, he was guilty of the crime of being young. To most folks wisdom is synonymous with age. Those old politicians in Washington could not see that Beveridge had made up in intensity and variety what he lacked in years. As a man may more easily learn golf by studying the principles governing every stroke instead of going out and hitting the ball all over the lot without using his head, so Beveridge studied politics and government scientifically and basically, while others were trusting to time and experience to give them their training. That is why he

has remained in the Senate, his position practically unchallenged, since 1899.

From his pictures one would judge Senator Beveridge to be tall. In height, as a matter of fact, he measures but five feet eight inches. His weight is one hundred and fifty-eight pounds. He still has that boyish look and has not lost his old bubbly enthusiasm or his buoyancy. His books show him to be more than a politician. His knowledge is not limited to facts about this country. He has browsed in his studies over the entire world. During the Russo-Japanese War a series of articles in a magazine showed his grasp of the Eastern situation. His books written to help young men may be found in nearly all the libraries of the country.

That he is a man with a heart is proved by his attitude toward the child-labor question. He has fought consistently to

save the children from wage slavery and give them the play and the education which he himself lacked in his youth. His speech on the work of Frances Willard stamps him as a man who loves and understands women. His articles on the Bible show his broadness and the wholesomeness of him, while his stand on all public questions is proof of the fact that he understands what the people want and of his desire to serve their best interests.

Senator Beveridge became a good man first, and, as is natural, he could not and has not failed to be a good Senator. Estimating him as an all-around man, he must be graded close to one hundred per cent.

VICTOR MURDOCK

Victor Murdock

VICTOR MURDOCK

IN spite of his shock of red hair, his reputation as a fighting insurgent, his two hundred and ten pounds, his broad shoulders and deep chest, the keenest desire of Victor Murdock's life is not to win a place for himself as a statesman or politician, but to write one successful play or a book that will live after he is gone.

He can think of no joy keener than that which comes to a man who has written a successful play and stands before a howling, cheering, enthusiastic mob in response to wild calls for the author. That he has become known in every state in the union as a fighter for popular government, and is looked upon everywhere as an uncompromising enemy of the machine governed

by concentrated wealth, is a matter of as much surprise to him as it is to those who know of his literary ambition.

When a boy he was not particularly interested in politics. Unlike Bristow, he did not choose a political career. Even in his boyhood days his dream was of literary instead of political conquests. When he was ten years old, he was trying to write plays that would relegate Shakespeare to the amateur class. As soon as he was old enough he helped around his father's printshop, and at fifteen was earning a salary as a reporter.

During his boyhood he read everything that he felt would form his style. He did not have to be driven away from the five-cent novels, because he was so serious in his ambition that he refused to contaminate his literary equipment with reading that did not measure up to the highest

standard. Like many another literary person, he took himself and his writing very seriously. His world was a very small one, in spite of his newspaper work, and he had visions of going forth and tossing it about as other youngsters did a rag ball on the town lot.

Kipling, as Murdock insisted on thinking, was famous at twenty-three. Chatterton had earned the title of "that marvelous boy" when he was little more than a child. Shelley and Keats had written their names imperishably when they had scarcely trembled past their teens. Murdock burned to emulate them, to write something that would stir men's souls like organ chords.

With the irresponsibility of genius he was married before he was twenty. Miss M. P. Allen was the daring maiden who believed in him and in his dreams. At

that time he could not be entered at any county fair as a malefactor of great wealth. His father, on whose paper he worked as reporter, paid him only nine dollars a week. After his marriage he went to his father and pointed out, in what he thought was a businesslike manner, the necessity for having more money.

"You are paying your bookkeeper twenty-two dollars a week, while I, a literary man, am forced to support myself and wife on nine paltry dollars. It is n't fair." So argued Victor.

His father, however, was of a different opinion. He was perfectly willing to assist Victor as a son, but as a reporter on his paper he could not figure out that good business demanded the payment of more than nine dollars. He kindly and patiently and painstakingly pointed out to Victor that the bookkeeper was a man of

parts, a necessity, a valuable servant, that it would be difficult to get another like him, while reporters could be picked up by the gross in any village in the country.

Thinking that his literary abilities were not rated high enough in the Wichita market, the young couple journeyed to Chicago, arranged their few belongings in one room, prayed to the gods that watch over the destinies of literary persons, and then Victor went out and got a job on a newspaper that paid him twenty-two dollars a week at the start, not counting, of course, such expenses as a reporter meets with in the performance of his duties. The imagination of the reader may be trusted to picture the glee of the son as he sat himself down to write a letter to his father.

On the Chicago papers Murdock made good. He not only held his initial posi-

tion as long as he wanted it, but climbed ahead into positions that paid more money and enabled him to do more important work. Fate played a merry jest upon him when he was assigned to political duty. He had always hated politics, but the duty of a reporter is to perform all duties assigned him without question, and Murdock shouldered political burdens as though it were a pleasure.

He not only saw the working of local politics through the eyes of a reporter, but met and associated with big men in the world of government. For his paper he traveled with William McKinley, and learned to love the man for his innate goodness and gentleness even before he attained national prominence. In 1894 his father gladly welcomed him home to Wichita, and he became managing editor of "The Wichita Eagle," holding that

position until 1903, when he was elected to the Fifty-eighth Congress to fill a vacancy.

His first splurge into politics as a candidate was made with as little preparation on his part as his initial plunge into political reporting. There were eighteen candidates for the office of Congressman when the foreman of "The Daily Eagle," Murdock's mother, and other intimate friends and relatives asked him why he did not try for the place. He refused to consider it. But the friends would not take no for an answer. A family conference was called, and all voted in favor of the Murdock candidacy. In opposition, standing out alone like the Rock of Gibraltar, was Murdock's father. "How any man is fool enough to leave the office of a paper which speaks daily to thousands of readers, in order to become a

picayunish Congressman, is something I don't pretend to understand. The editor of a daily paper is a bigger man any old day than any Congressman that was ever foaled." That was the paternal verdict.

Victor, however, went with the majority, announced his candidacy, and, to his own surprise, won the appointment. He went to Congress without any idea of posing as a reformer. His attitude was that of a newspaper man instead of that of a statesman or politician. He really was not interested particularly in anything but the news value of what he saw.

What he did see interested him. He saw that Congressmen, for the most part, are mere puppets, that a ring ruled the place, that the Speaker was an autocrat, that no one could speak without begging for the privilege, and then only after telling in advance what was to be the sub-

ject of the speech. Murdock saw all these things and more. For himself he was not indignant. Rather was his indignation that of a newspaper man who is interested more in getting a good story than in bringing about a reform. The reform comes second.

Murdock wrote a story that was a stinger. Before sending it, however, he showed it to the political leader of his state, then in the Senate. He was advised to tear the story up, become a good Indian, and remain mentally hobbled on the reservation. Being unused to Washington and relying somewhat upon the advice of his political superior, the story found its way into the wastebasket. For several years he remained a good Indian. Then, since he had been appointed to the Postal Committee, he discovered what he thought was a mere error in bookkeeping.

He remembered what his father had told him about the importance of bookkeepers, and he thought that he might perform a real service by pointing out the mistake.

Up to 1878 no mail had been carried on the railroads on Sunday. The railroads were paid for hauling the mail by the weight of the mail carried. This weight was arrived at by weighing the mails for six days and then dividing the total by six so as to get the daily average. The next step was to multiply the daily weight by the number of days — counting six to the week — in the mail-hauling year.

That was all right up to 1878. But after that mail was hauled on Sunday. The divisor, however, remained the same. Murdock pointed out that the divisor should be seven. No attention was paid to him. He insisted that a mistake had

been made. His insistence forced the matter into public notice. Then, and not until then, did he learn that there was no mistake in bookkeeping, but that for years government officials had been sharing in the graft. After a strenuous fight the divisor was made seven, and Murdock felt a certain thrill of pride over knowing that his discovery had saved the government about five million dollars a year.

That awakened him to the evil in government affairs, and so he was prepared to take his place among the leaders of the congressional insurgents during the late congressional session. He voted against the Aldrich-Payne bill all the time, and was a sworn enemy of Speaker Cannon and that kind of congressional domination known as Cannonism.

Murdock was born on March 18, 1871, in Burlingame, Kansas, and has always

lived in the state except during his reportorial period in Chicago. His education was received in the common schools and at Lewis Academy, Wichita, but the best training came through his newspaper work and because of his keen desire to write something that would live. Mrs. Murdock has always been his helper and his pard, while two daughters have come to brighten their home.

To all but those who hate insurgents, Victor Murdock is likable, being gifted with a certain insinuating charm of manner that wins confidence. His newspaper work has trained him to see that which is hidden from the majority. He knows much of the crookedness of politics, yet in spite of this knowledge he is an optimist through and through. He has a big mouth through which to send forth a pleasing oratorical voice, and there is

that about him which impresses one with his solidity and general wholesomeness. He has fought against Cannonism, not for personal glory or for a higher office, but because he believes that it is the only thing for an honest representative of the people to do.

If he had his own way, political positions would be forgotten, and he would settle down to his newspaper work with a sigh of content, and would work to materialize that dream of his which calls for the writing of a successful play that will call forth the frantic cheers of the crowd and the wild cry for "The author! author!"

MILES POINDEXTER

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SENT to Congress on a well-advertised anti-Cannon promise, Miles Poindexter violated all the sacred rules governing precedent by becoming a national figure during his first term. He represented a district containing thirty thousand square miles, which embraces the eastern half of the state of Washington, and his was the first Western fight in which Cannonism was the main issue. The only promise asked by his constituents was that he fight against the Cannon rule. How well he obeyed is a matter of national record. He speedily took his place as a leader in the counsels of the insurgents, and was an important and powerful influence in giv-

ing the Speaker his first rude shove to the rear.

Miles Poindexter was born in Memphis, Tennessee, three years after the close of the Civil War. His warrior blood comes from his father, who proudly wore the gray in the great conflict. He attended the Fancy Hill Academy in Virginia, and later was graduated from Washington and Lee University, carrying off class honors.

Like the course of empire of which the poet sings, he took his Western journey. He was then twenty-three years old. This, for the information of those hungry for figures, was in 1891. He was equipped to practice law, but if his mental condition had been as unfinished as his physical appearance, his path would have been downward instead of in the opposite and, as folks contend, the better direction. For

he was a gawky, ungainly, elongated sort of individual, whose chief occupation seemed to be to find a place for his feet and hands. Pendleton, Oregon, was his first home. There he demonstrated that, in spite of his un-Gibsonlike appearance, he was a veritable Apollo in beauty and strength of mind.

Like Damon and Pythias, two ancient history, or, if you prefer, mythical characters whose business was to impersonate manly friendship, Miles Poindexter and Tom Page drifted together. Walla Walla, which is not far from Pendleton, was the home of the mother and sisters of Tom Page, who used to ride over every Sunday morning for midday gustatory purposes, as well as for that spiritual and mental enrichment which is supposed to be found among the winnings of a son who frequents the neighborhood of his mother

and sisters. One Sunday Poindexter was persuaded to go along. That is how he met Elizabeth Gale Page, who brightened his life by marrying him not so many months later.

Pendleton had grown too small for the ambitious young lawyer, and Walla Walla became his home for six years, while he stepped up to the prosecuting attorneyship of the county. After the Walla Walla period, or, to bound this with time, thirteen years ago, he moved to Spokane and for six years was deputy prosecuting attorney. He was next elected to the superior bench as joint judge of two counties. Here he made a splendid record. His decisions had in them so much of the element of justice. Back of all of them were years of careful study and trained judgment. His knowledge had not come to him out of the air. He had earned it by sleeping but

five hours each night and making use of the other hours of darkness in reading classics, history, fiction, philosophy — to him everything was grist for his mental mill. His knowledge is encyclopædic.

He resigned his judgeship to enter the congressional campaign when the congressional place was made vacant by the elevation of Wesley L. Jones to the United States Senate. There were a number of aspirants. Six or seven of them spent most of their time trying to win the support of Frank Post, attorney for the big corporations, who was commonly reported as a man of political power. Poindexter took the opposite tack. He sent some of Post's friends around to him to persuade him to announce himself opposed to Poindexter. That showed the people that Poindexter was not looking for the friendship of the corporations.

Poindexter's strength consists in his honesty, straightforwardness, courage of conviction, equipment of basic knowledge, convincing sincerity, and his dogged and persistent policy of doing what seems to him to be the right thing for the good of the greater number. In his campaign he travels on horseback over his district and talks man to man with the voters. He impresses them with the fact that he is one of them — anyhow, it is certain that his personal power put to rout six of his opponents.

Oratory is not to be found in the equipment of this insurgent. But what he lacks in fieriness and dramatic power he makes up in clearness, conciseness, logic, and earnest sincerity. He speaks just as he thinks. Unlike many another good politician, he has no machine. He realizes that to construct a strong political ma-

chine promises and pap must be given to hangers-on. He goes without a machine by resting his case with the people themselves. He is reported to be his own manager and board of strategy. In his campaigns he seems to have no secrets. He evades nothing. Those in doubt can find out where he stands by asking him.

Like Norris and LaFollette, his home life is as clear as a crystal. He has no money to spend in living a gay life, nor, were he possessed of great wealth, has he the desire to live otherwise than as he does. He lives on the outermost edge of Spokane, on a little farm. His home is filled with books. When at home, he milks his own cow, feeds his own chickens — lives like any sane man who loves to recreate himself by living close to the soil.

This man is not a lover of fighting. But when there is a fight to be fought, and he

is needed in it, he is there with all the power of brain and body. He is blessed with the far-famed Southern nerve. It required nerve of the purest kind for the fight he waged as the first Western insurgent. It has taken nerve all through the strenuous congressional days. The other members of the Washington delegation, while liking Poindexter personally, were wholly out of sympathy with him in his insurging. But Poindexter has asked neither favors nor quarter and has gone forward doing his duty as he understands it.

He stands with Pinchot on the conservation question, and believes that Roosevelt is the man needed to help the people win their battle against that entrenched power which Cannon represents in the House and which Aldrich represents in the Senate.

In his senatorial campaign his platform contained three planks: amendment of the tariff laws to reduce the cost of living; support of the Pinchot policy toward conservation of national resources, and the enactment of such national legislation as the " drys " have requested. On the latter he argues that the smaller centers of population and the rural districts should be free to choose whether they will permit the entry of liquor.

Poindexter is one of the great men of the Far West. His place, whether he wins or loses in his fights for office, will ever be one which accords with the philosophy of the square deal.

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